

One More Coffee by [vanishingbyler](#)

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Summary:

Mike never wants to go home after spending the night at Will's, so he stays for a cup of coffee, and maybe one more.

One More Coffee

Author's Note:

I wasn't able to upload this one yesterday (it was the last day of my partner's visit, so I was focussing on them), but this is Sunday's oneshot. This one gives a little more insight to how I picture 17 year old Mike looking, since day 1 focused on Will.

03/12/2017

If you were to enter Will Byers' room at 9 a.m. on a Saturday morning, the first thing you'd see would be a tangle of two teenage boys, asleep and breathing softly.

The younger of the two would be curled in a ball in the top right hand corner of the bed, one hand supporting his face and the other clutching Mike's. Mike's arm would be protectively draped over Will's waist and his face pressed up against his back. Will's wispy brown hair would fall across his forehead and Mike's near-shoulder-length black curls would be matted against the pillow, distinguishing his pale skin from the white bed linen.

You'd hear a knock on the door from Jane, the daughter of Will's mom's boyfriend, who'd call the boys downstairs for breakfast and coffee.

Well, that's what you'd hear most Saturdays. This one in particular, December 3rd 1988, Jane was staying over at Max's house, and Mike and Will were left to sleep in a while longer. Will rolled over, nuzzling closer to Mike, and Mike smiled contentedly into the hug, subconsciously matching his breathing to Will's. At 10:30, Joyce eventually knocked on to tell them to get their butts out of bed.

Mike woke with a start, realising how long they'd been asleep for. Some boys might be ashamed of snuggling up so close, but not Mike and Will. They'd been best friends since the first day of kindergarten, and spent most of their time together. Will came out as gay at the age of 13, and Mike followed a few months later. Both of them knew that they wouldn't be judged for being so close by the people that knew them, and they were both comfortable enough in themselves.

"Shit. I start work at 12."

"You want a cup of coffee? You've got your uniform here, I could drive you."

"That would be nice, and yeah. Coffee sounds good."

The two boys exchanged smiles, a little shyly in Will's case. Mike found himself wishing, just a little bit, that he could kiss Will. It sounded dumb, since the two of them weren't dating, but the early morning glow of Will's face was so beautiful right now. His eyes glistened, still half asleep, and his hair somehow looked better messy than it did styled. Mike wouldn't say he was pining, but he would admit to being a little jealous of the boy that would eventually hold Will's heart.

After getting dressed, Will into jeans and some comfortable green sweater, and Mike in his smart-casual bookstore uniform, they trailed downstairs towards their lord and saviour, the coffee machine. It was one of the Byers' more expensive purchases, but between Hopper and the teenagers it got so much use that it was definitely worth it. Plus, caffeine had worked as a pretty great substitute for nicotine was Joyce was first quitting smoking.

Mike sat down, tracing patterns in some spilled sugar on the counter.

Will hummed to himself as he made the coffee, some song Mike had never heard that Jonathan had most likely sent over on a mixtape.

When the smaller boy came over and sat beside him and placed the two steaming mugs between them, a weight lifted from Mike's shoulders. Coffee and conversation was his favourite part of any morning with Will. This time, the topic was graduation- they were less than a year from finishing high school forever. Mike didn't want to think about what would happen when they both went off to different colleges, and gulped down his coffee and stood up.

"Guess I have time to walk. Thanks for offering me a ride though, I appreciate it. I'll call you tonight."

"Why the rush? Come on, have another coffee."

"I don't wanna be late-"

"And you won't be if you let me drive. One more coffee, Mike. I don't want you to leave just yet."

Mike's heart skipped a couple beats. He stuttered out an agreement and sat back down, a little defeated.

Truth be told, looking into Will's eyes as he talked with such animation about getting far away from Hawkins stung. To see the boy Mike had built most of his life around sound so happy to be moving miles and miles away was painful. Because Mike wasn't blind- he knew he wouldn't end up in the same place as Will. Will was lined up to get some great scholarship to a pretentious art college over in Oregon, and Mike would be lucky to get a place at the community college in Indianapolis, given his grades and behaviour the last few years.

The thing about bitter and painful things is that, a lot of the time, you can sweeten them. Mike's coffee, for example, had so much sugar in that he could probably stand a spoon up in it. The lemon meringue pie in the fridge was evidence that even the sourest fruit can make a sweet dessert if you add the right ingredients. But all the sugar in the world couldn't sweeten the thought of spending years apart from Will, while he achieved his dreams and Mike worked towards some shitty qualification in a boring field that he'd hate working in. Just picturing it was like a punch in the face, because he couldn't even complain- if he let on that it upset him, Will would throw away every opportunity he'd been blessed with in order to keep a smile on Mike's face. Nobody wanted that.

He struggled to stomach the second cup of coffee. It felt too... final. *One more coffee.* What happened after this one? Did he just go to work and carry on his boring life while Will worked towards college? Would they ever have another morning like this, where they just sat together with warm mugs and comfortable silence filling the air? Did one more coffee *mean* one more? Was this the last one? Will was so content to sip on his, eyes cast down at the counter and a blush coating his cheeks. Mike couldn't do that- drinking this coffee meant letting their morning together end. Letting the morning end meant closing another chapter. How many more chapters were there?

"Mike? Mike!"

Mike started. "Y-yeah?"

"Your drink's going cold. Are you okay?"

"Mm-hmm. Just thinking."

"What about?"

"It- it doesn't matter. I just don't want to let today end."

"Who said it was ending?"

"I start a six hour shift in 45 minutes."

"I'm coming with you. I was gonna sit in the bookshop cafe, grab a book to read and down a couple cups of coffee. If that's alright?"

"I thought this was one last cup?"

"One more cup. There's a difference."

Will smiled his oh-so-familiar smile and Mike's heart fluttered.

Mike hated thinking about the future, but Will knew that. He also knew that Mike didn't want this morning to be over just yet. And he knew it didn't have to be.